

## MORE TATTERED FLAGS REMOVED

Son of Victorious Federal Colonel Sends Them to Confederate Museum.

Two interesting battleflags have just been received at the Confederate Museum here, and they are highly prized for their historic associations. They were sent by Mr. Augustus S. Revere, of Morristown, N. J., to Mrs. Joseph Bryan, president of the Confederate Memorial Literary Society, with the request that they be placed in the museum and in the rooms of the States they respectively represented during the war. One is the flag of the thirty-seventh North Carolina Regiment, and is made of bunting. It is badly tattered, and was in many hard fought battles. The other is that of the fifty-third Virginia Regiment, and is made of silk. The Virginia flag was captured at Chancellorsville and the North Carolina one at Malvern Hill, and both by Colonel Joseph Warren Revere, father of the gentleman who sent them in, and who was later made a brigadier-general. Colonel Revere was at the time he captured the flags, commanding the Seventh Regiment of New Jersey Volunteers. His son says they have been in the family ever since, and he now desires that they shall be returned and placed respectfully in the Virginia and North Carolina Regiments. His wish has been repeated, and the old relics are very highly prized by the society.

## FRANCE NOW SEVENTY SQUARE YARDS BIGGER

(Special Cable to The Times-Dispatch and New York Herald.)  
(Copyright, by the New York Herald Co.)  
PARIS, May 20.—France has just enlarged her territory by an exchange with Belgium. The Paris Government has decided to recognize King Leopold's sovereignty over La-Nouvelle-aux-Tourneurs, receiving Reizes as compensation. The swapping process results in a territorial aggrandisement of France by seventy square yards. The Pigeon remarks that the gain is not great, but it should suffice to silence those who allege that the Republic has done nothing to increase the greatness of France.

## WILL LOOP THE LOOP IN A PARIS COURT

(Special Cable to The Times-Dispatch and New York Herald.)  
(Copyright, by the New York Herald Co.)  
PARIS, May 20.—Looping the loop in an automobile will be practically demonstrated in court next Monday, during a hearing on the case concerning the death of Mlle. Randa. A loop will be erected on a small scale in the court room, corresponding as nearly as possible to the one in the Casino de Paris, and an automobile, with a wax figure as the occupant, will be driven round it.

## HOW SCOTCH LAWYER GOT MAN HE WANTED

(Special Cable to The Times-Dispatch and New York Herald.)  
(Copyright, by the New York Herald Co.)  
PARIS, May 20.—Little Sammy's sneeze made its appearance in a Paris restaurant a couple of nights ago, when one of the diners sneezed twice violently across the table without touching himself. The man opposite promptly threw a sardine box at him, spilling his clothes. Both were taken to a police station. The man who threw the sardines turned out to be a Scotch lawyer. When his adversary gave his name, the lawyer exclaimed, "Why, you're the man I've been looking for a week," and promptly drew a writ from his pocket and served it upon him.

## Sportsman Honored.

(Special Cable to The Times-Dispatch and New York Herald.)  
(Copyright, by the New York Herald Co.)  
BERLIN, May 20.—The high decoration of the Red Eagle has been conferred on the popular international sportsman, Count Adalbert Sierstorf, by Emperor William. In return for various services to Germany in the development of automobiles, this honor marks an era in automobile history, which has never before received such high official recognition of its national utility.

## A TELEGRAM.

RICHMOND, VA., May 19, 1905.  
WICKERT & GARDINER, Brooklyn, N. Y.:  
Samples received—Take both lots—Express to-day.  
C. F. CROSS SHOE CO.

The above telegram will prove of interest to EVERY WOMAN IN RICHMOND who really loves fine foot fixings—it means THE LUCKY purchase of

144 Pairs of FINEST PATENT KID  
OXFORDS

at fifty cents under regular prices—every pair built to sell at \$5.00—and worth it. The entire lot goes on sale Monday at the  
Special Price, \$4.00.

Just another instance of getting YOUR MONEY'S WORTH AND A LITTLE MORE at

Save that Dollar.  
CROSS', 313 Broad.

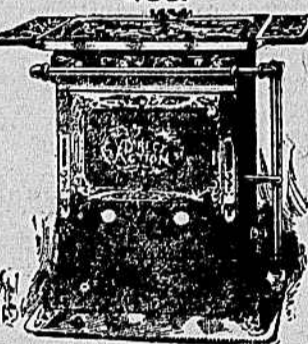
## A LIST OF "HARD-DRINKERS" OF BEAUFONT

10 PREACHERS (who believe in setting good examples),  
25 DOCTORS (daily prescribing it),  
40 LAWYERS (who will swear by it),  
Numerous Corporations (who want healthy employees),  
Scores of Merchants (with good business sense),  
Hundreds of Clerks (who know a good thing),  
Thousands of Sensible Women (who value their health),  
The 4 leading Banks of Richmond—Planters, Merchants, American and National.  
The C. & O. Railway Office force (who have to work hard and want only the best to drink),  
THE LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY of Virginia (The greatest Southern life insurance company),  
THE LONER YOU LIVE—THE BETTER THEY LIKE IT.  
They value long life and good health and furnish their Clerks with BEAUFONT.  
We are compiling a list of the sensible people in Richmond and want you on it.  
Phone 162 and say "Beaufont."  
Beaufont Lithia Water Co.

## THE BIG STORE.



Go-Carts, Carriages  
and  
Folding Carts.  
A new shipment just in up from  
\$1.98.  
REFRIGERATORS,  
Oil Stoves and Ovens,  
Camp Stools,  
Folding Chairs, Porch  
Benches, Rockers and  
Chairs up from  
48c.



The "DIRECT ACTION"  
GAS RANGE  
Is Best, Because  
It's the greatest gas-saver. Burner caps not cemented, but loose; easy to clean.  
All the valves have regulating orifice for the gas pressure.  
It's worth more and costs less.  
We are Sole Agents for  
Hoosier Kitchen Cabinets,  
"The Only One."

RYAN, SMITH  
& TALMAN,  
Masonic Temple.

## LIVED THREE MONTHS ON A BABREN ISLAND

For Ninety Days Fish and Fruit  
Were Only Food of French  
Crew.

(Special Cable to The Times-Dispatch and New York Herald.)  
(Copyright, by the New York Herald Co.)  
PARIS, May 20.—News has been received in Paris of the thrilling adventure of the crew of a French ship, the Anjou, missing for over five months. The ship was wrecked February 6th, near an obscure island of the Southern Pacific, and the crew remained three months on the island, living on fish and fruit, of which there was only a scanty provision.

## PECK'S BAD BOY ABROAD

The Bad Boy Arrives in New York—Dad Is Caught Trying to Smuggle Merchandise. They Are Surprised to Hear About Cassie Chadwick and the Chicago Strike.

By Hon. George W. Peck.  
(Ex-Governor of Wisconsin, Formerly Editor of "Peck's Sun," Author of "Peck's Bad Boy," Etc.)  
(Copyright, 1905, by Joseph B. Bowler.)  
NEW YORK CITY.—Dear Old Father in Crime: I have more trouble trying to do the right thing than any boy you ever saw. When I lie to keep dad from being pulled by the police of a foreign country, I seem to be all right, and then dad will tell me I'm always a trouble-maker, and when I tell the truth, and dad gets in trouble by my doing so, then he wants to kick me. Every boy ought to have a conscience that will prevent him from doing wrong, not one of these vacillating consciences that have to have an alarm clock to tell them to work properly, but a conscience that is like a detective, which never sleeps, or like a hawk, which never blinks, and will regulate your conscience so it will keep time whether it is wound up or not. On the way over from Havana, dad had several talks with me about turning over new leaves, and he said now that we are about to land in our own country, let us be honest, and tell the truth. I said I would try it, but maybe it would kill me, and then dad concealed about his person all the things he intended to smuggle without paying duty, and then he put on a pious look, just like a minister who is on his return from a vacation, and we stood on deck as we came up from Sandy Hook, looked at the Statue of Liberty and swelled up, and dad acted like a fool. Dad was puffer than ever with over 40 yards of lace wound around his stomach, and he had a lot of kid gloves tied under his arms, and more things than you could count, and when the revenue officers boarded the ship, dad broke out in a perspiration, which was so noticeable that the inspectors picked him out at once, and when he saw that



THE CHICAGO TEAMSTERS ARE ON A STRIKE.

had spavins and epileptic, and she looks 20 years older because the jailers won't let her have any face cream to disguise herself with. Let this be a lesson to you, Henery, never to forge the name of any man, poor or rich, to notes for \$500,000. I told him I would never forge anybody's name to more than a reasonable amount, cause I was no hog. "What you crying about," said I, as dad broke down and wept. "Oh, I was thinking of poor Andrew Carnegie; the dear old case of Scotch whiskey and Quaker oats," said dad, as he wiped his eyes and read more about the Chadwick case. "Here, this woman charges that Carnegie was her father, and gave up the notes to square himself with his accidental daughter, so she wouldn't squeal on him, and queer him with the library beggars, who might refuse to take his tainted money." "It is too bad about Andrew," says I to dad, "but don't you remember what a wink he had to his left eye, that time we saw him, even in his old age?" "Well, that woman is no gentleman, or she never would have told on Andrew," said dad, and he told his story, starting at another paper, and told me to hush, and he kept on reading, and finally he said: "If that wouldn't skin you," and he put his hand to his head, and sighed as though his heart would break. "What is it, dad, out with it, 'cause we might as well know the worst. Has Chauncey Depew attended another banquet, and told that old chestnut about 'Well, that woman is no gentleman, or she never would have told on Andrew'?" "Oh, Henery, I was so sorry that, that I possible," said dad. "Look here, a church organization has refused to take the money of a man who has stolen, and Rockefeller, for use in the missionary business, because they believe John can't be any good, and he's a robber, and he's heart-broken for fear all the religious and educational grafters will boycott him, and refuse to take his money, and he will accumulate on his hands until it ruins him. By ginner, that is hard on John," continued dad, as he kept on reading.



ABOUT FORTY YARDS OF LACE AROUND HIS STOMACH.

they suspected him, pointed to the Statue of Liberty and said: "My son, look at that female with the torch. That torch says all are welcome to come to this country who are honest, and willing to help the burdens of our Government, but to the dishonest one that torch means that he is not welcome. Be honest, my boy, if you don't like a cent. An honest man is the noblest work of God," and dad rolled up his eyes like Dowie, and said: "Peace be to the honest, and then the inspector asked me if dad had any goods on him that he hadn't paid duty on, and I told him he could search me, and then he said that dad had used extra precaution in making his toilet, and that he had to wind about 40 yards of lace around his stomach, which had been troubling him since he had a touch of cholera at Havana; and dad looked at me as though he would like to electrocute me for telling the truth. "The man told dad to peel off his outside garments, and when he came to the lace and began to unravel it from dad, dad was more comfortable, cause his clothes didn't fit so quick. Then they had got to the lace, and the gloves dad looked hurt, and said: "The Lord giveth and the Lord taketh away," and the man said it would cost \$40 fine, and dad paid it, and they kept the lace. And when the inspectors left dad and began to search a fat woman, he took me to one side and said: "You show the poorest judgment in telling the truth of any boy I ever met. Don't you remember the verse in the Bible which says: 'The truth should not be spoken at all times,' and then he was going to give me a swift kick, when told him to be careful of the diamond ring he had in the toe of his shoe would cut a hole in the leather and be lost, and he let up on kicking me, and finally we got to the hotel and went to a hotel, and dad lectured me on the subject of common sense. He said a boy that hadn't common sense enough to prevent him from talking when he ought to keep still, and giving away family secrets, would bring his father's gray hairs in sorrow to the grave. I am going to try to lead a different life from this out. "Well, sir, you don't realize the changes that have taken place in our beloved country since we left, almost a year ago. We have been reading the back numbers of the newspapers and out of what had happened since we left, cause you never hear anything in Europe about what happens in America, unless a President is assassinated, or an Indian goes on the war path in Mexico. That is all they

ing a Sunday school, he will look cross-eyed from the trouble in his stomach, and tell her he will meet her at the stage door the next night with an automobile with her own monogram on the side entrance—yes, when it comes to that, old John will never find any trouble in putting the tainted billion into circulation. Eh, dad, don't you think so?" says I, and dad said he guessed that would be the only salvation for poor old, bald-headed John, with the odor of kerosene on his bank account. "But here's something that will make you stand without hitching, and I want to get to Chicago by the first train," said dad, as he turned over the paper and looked at the headlines. "What's the matter in Chicago, dad," says I. "Hias Carter, Harrison, has closed again when he was not looking?" "Oh, more fun than that," said dad. "What do you think, the Chicago teamsters are on a strike, and they have blocked traffic, and there is a fair chance that the people who are not killed with bricks will be starved to death, cause they are going to put a stop to delivering meal, groceries and milk. Gee, wouldn't I like to be there with a window looking out on State Street," and dad fairly beamed with joy at the thought of bloodshed.

"Well, when was there a time when the Chicago teamsters were not on a strike?" said I to dad. "They are the ones that have struck in sympathy with them, and the business of four million people is knocked gaily west," said dad.

"Oh, some girls that sell overalls are on a strike, and they can't seem to win, say the teamsters have struck in sympathy with them, and the business of four million people is knocked gaily west," said dad.

"Here's something you wouldn't believe," says dad, picking up another paper. "Roosevelt is elected again, and is off in the morning for two months shooting back rabbits and bears, and letting public business go to the dogs, but he has heard of the Chicago strike, and he is going to the banquet and see if his presence will not make the strikers forget the fish and the meat, and the train for the train to-night, 'cause I have got to see Roosevelt and report to him about what we did for him. The strike is well known, and dad began to nudge up the things the custom house officers didn't find on him. "And so, old man, it won't be long before you will see me in your old grocery, and I will tell you things that will make the Arabian Nights seem like an account of a church social. If I were in your place I would get a detective to protect you, for I have got so I am liable to shoot a man on sight, and rob him of all he holds dear. Scrub out and open the windows, and put on that clean shirt you have been holding for such an occasion, for 'behold, the prodigal son is on your trail' with a real appetite. Yours, HENRY.

## NEW PICTURES AT WESTHAMPTON.

Attractive Resort Being Well Patronized By the Public.—A Fine Entertainment Free to the People.  
Beginning to-morrow night the films of the moving picture machine being shown free of cost at Westhampton Park will be changed and an entirely new set of scenes given all during this week. The Passenger and Power Company is providing a fast schedule to the beautiful resort and besides the pictures, the bowling alleys, the boating and the picnic facilities are attracting hundreds of people every day and night there. Arrangements are being made for converting the old aquarium into bowling alleys for ladies and gentlemen at Reservoir Park. Other attractions at the park are provided for Richmond during the summer and the stay-at-homes are likely to be well looked after.

## THE PUBLIC'S OPINION

Is Worth Following in Some Instances—  
For Instance, in the Selection of New

## Refrigerators or Ice Boxes

The opinion of the public is that the North Star Refrigerator is the best made, "none as good." It uses less ice than any other make, is made of solid oak, cork lined, with air traps and is perfectly odorless. It will not warp. Be sure to inspect this grand refrigerator before buying yours.

**\$4.98 to \$100.00**

## A FEW MONDAY SPECIALS.

Special prices on Lawn Swings, Water Coolers, Oil and Gas Stoves, Screen Windows and all summer specialties.  
98c a dozen for Silver Plated Ice Tea Spoons.  
4c each for first quality Knife or Fork.  
9c each for Thin Imported Plates, sold for \$3.00 a dozen.  
\$1.10 for Nickel Plated Reading Lamps complete, worth \$2.25.

## BROWN & CONSTINE,

205 East Broad Street.

## WALL PAPER AND DECORATIVE GOODS

This is an age of specialization, and we claim to have a full line of SPECIAL things that our competitors do not handle. We are under ABLE and competent management, our WORKMEN are the BEST that money can get and you will find it a PLEASURE to have them at work in your house.

**R. B. BRAUER,**  
208 N. Fifth Street.  
Phone 1699.

## THREE DEPARTMENTS.

**Merchant Tailoring,  
Shirt Making,  
Men's Furnishings.**  
Our stock is complete and exclusive; our cutters and managers are experts in their line. We invite you to call.

**W. S. CONSTABLE & CO.,**  
735 East Main Street.

## THE TYLER STORE BOYS' DEPARTMENT.

## 4 BIG GOERS TO-MORROW.

**GOER NO. 1.**  
Boys' \$2.50 Wool Cheviot Double-Breasted Suits, ages 6 to 16. Fast Goer to-morrow,  
**\$1.48.**

**GOER NO. 2.**  
Children's \$1.50 Russian Blouse and Knickerbocker Wash Suits, in Linen, Pique, Chambray and Duck, ages 2 1-2 to 8. Fast Goer to-morrow,  
**98c.**

**GOER NO. 3.**  
Children's 75c Russian and Sailor Blouse Wash Suits, in a nice selection of colors and fabrics. Fast Goer to-morrow,  
**39c.**

**GOER NO. 4.**  
Children's 50c White Duck Tam-o-Shanters and Sailors. Fast Goer to-morrow,  
**23c.**

The Tam-o-Shanters have silk shelds on top and are the Buster Brown shape. The sailors are trimmed in red, white and blue bands.

Lot 6625 <b>\$15.00</b> SIZES TO FIT ALL.	Our Lot 6625 Men's Blue Serge Suits At \$15 are marvels of tasteful workmanship. Merchant tailors will charge you \$20 or \$25 for one, but it won't fit half as well. Stouts, Slims and Sizes Up to 50.	Lot 6625 <b>\$15.00</b> SIZES TO FIT ALL.
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Mit Free With Boys' Suits.

**JULIAN W. TYLER,** First and Broad.

## POEMS YOU OUGHT TO KNOW

Whatever your occupation may be, and however crowded your hours with affairs, do not fail to secure at least a few minutes every day for refreshment of your inner life with a bit of poetry.—Professor Charles Eliot Norton.

No. 501.

## The Dying of Tanneguy Du Bois.

By AUSTIN DOBSON.

Dobson, whose autograph, portrait and biographical sketch have already appeared in this series, excelled in writing light verse cast in forms most affected by French poets. This ballad is made on the last words of Don Quixote. "En los nidos ahi no hay palomas hogano," which means "There are no birds in last year's nests."

YEA, I am passed away, I think, from this;  
Nor helps me herb, nor any leechcraft here,  
But lift me hither the sweet cross to kiss,  
And witness ye, I go without a fear.  
Yes, I am sped, and never more shall see,  
As once I dreamed, the show of shield and crest,  
Gone southward to the fighting by the sea;  
There is no bird in any last year's nest!

Yea, with me now all dreams are done, I ween,  
Grown faint and unremembered; voices call  
High up, like misty warders dimly seen  
Moving at morn on some Burgundian wall;  
And all things swim—as when the charger stands  
Quivering between the knees, and East and West  
Are filled with flash of scarves and waving hands;  
There is no bird in any last year's nest!

Is she a dream I left in Acquaintance?  
My wife Giselle,—who never spoke a word,  
Although I knew her mouth was drawn with pain,  
Her eyelids hung with tears; and though I heard  
The strong sob shake her throat, and saw the cord  
Her necklace made about it,—she that prest  
To watch me (trotting till I reached the ford);  
There is no bird in any last year's nest!

Ah! I had hoped, God wot,—had longed that she  
Should watch me from the little-lit tourelle,  
Me, coming riding by the windy lea—  
Me, coming back again to her, Giselle;  
Yea, I had hoped once more to hear him call,  
The curly pate, who, ruschen lance in rest,  
Stormed at the lilies by the orchard wall;  
There is no bird in any last year's nest!

But how, my Masters, ye are wrapt in gloom!  
This Death will come, and whom he loves he cleaves  
Sheer through the steel and leather; hating whom  
He smites in shameful wise behind the graves.  
'Tis a fair time with Dennis and the Saints,  
And weary work to age, and want for rest,  
When harness growth heavy, and one faints,  
With no bird left in any last year's nest!

Give ye good hap, then, all. For me, I lie  
Broken in Christ's sweet hand, with whom shall rest  
To keep me living, now that I must die;  
There is no bird in any last year's nest!

The series began in The Times-Dispatch Sunday, October 11, 1903. One is published each day.

## Never Forget

your satisfaction is our pleasure. It's hard to tell you about beautiful flowers on paper, but you come here and see the flowers—they'll sell themselves.

**HAMMOND,**  
...FLORIST...  
109 East Broad Street.